those are old-regime regulations. I was a private, then a sergeant, before any of you could say 'Mama.' And when I give an order I expect it to be carried out. I don't want to lose half my men in the first hour of a barrage. I need every one of you to throw the enemy back. And my order stands: All trenches must be brought up to the prescribed standard within eight days. For the reason why, ask the Commissar. My business is to tell you *what* to do."

The regiment was called together. I read the Riga resolution, explained it, and talked about the special job of the corps. The men nodded assent. Boldyrev stood at my side, keeping both hands on his beard in the muzhik fashion. He had the last word. "Now, boys, my order: Six feet by three! All dismissed."

Driving back to the headquarters, the General grumbled, "That is our army now. Committees, meetings, speeches. . . . Okay. We shall see what we can do with this mess."

I said to him, "I would be happy if I were as close to these men as you are. They seem to like you. And the orders you give are for their good. Why are they reluctant to do what you tell them and why do you think they will do it after I have explained to them the situation on this section of the front?"

"I would like to know the trick," the General replied.

"I think they like to have someone speak to them man to man, not always giving orders like a general to enlisted men but explaining the reasons, just as you did today in the trenches. That was also a 'why' demonstration."

Boldyrev exploded in a loud merry laugh. "That is an old trick. I am too old to learn the new ones, but I will try."

Back at Riga, I told Kuchin, "Boldyrev is just the man for the new army, but he does not know it. When you get to know him, you will agree." There was no further question of removing the commander of the 43rd Corps. I remained in close touch with him until the end of his service with the 43rd Corps when, at my insistence, he was appointed Commander of the Fifth Army to succeed General Danilov.

I PASS THE TEST

The Twelfth Army was recovering. Cases of insubordination were becoming less frequent. But things do not run smoothly in an army of half a million men in the midst of a storm of revolution. Again I was in my old role of trouble-shooter, but now, working with the Iskosol, I felt we were doing the necessary thing and doing it successfully. Dealing with rioting regiments was not as difficult as it had seemed from the outside. I was well protected by my coat of mail—